

RELIGIOUS INFORMER.

ENFIELD. N. H. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY EBENEZER CHASE.

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All letters must be directed to Ebenezer Chase, P. M. Enfield, N. H.

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The Cemetery.—On a lovely evening in the month of October, at that hour when the doubtful light gives additional interest to every inanimate object of nature, I entered the Cemetery of———. As I thoughtfully trod the "Church way path" that encircled the House of God, the faded leaves of Autumn fell silently around. One alone, borne a little farther than the rest, by the fitful breeze, rested upon the grave of an infant, whose evanescent life had passed away with the glories of summer. Gentle stranger, thought I, how soon hast thou exchanged the bosom of thy mother, for the arms of thy Saviour. The innocent smile that dimpled thy cheek with pleasure when material fondness kissed and blessed thee, has been exchanged for the joy of angels and just men made perfect. Like the leaf, that has fallen on thy grave, thou hast lived but to die. Thy work is accomplished.—Thou hast exemplified this scripture, "All do fade as the leaf.—All flesh is grass, and the goodness thereof, as the flower of the field."

I pursued my walk in silence. Before me rose the spire of another church in gothick grandeur—The light of the newly risen moon partly illuminated the building; some of the heavy pillars of its portico glittered in the moon-light, whilst others were lost in undistinguished shade—a few white clouds, scattered over the stars, obscured for a moment their brightness. All was silent, no sound but that the autumnal breeze was heard as if sighing over these frail memorials of worth or beauty. On my right hand were dark tombs of the first pastors of the church; grotesque sculptures and Latin inscriptions, distinguished monuments of antiquity.—As if in contrast, on my left was the stately pillar of white marble, erected to the memory of one of their ancestors, proudly rearing its "animating bust, above surrounding sepulchres;" all around slumbered the flock, to whom they successfully preached the doctrines of salvation. The silent pastor and silent congregation, to "dumb forgetfulness a prey," sleep that sleep that knows no waking, until the morn of the resurrection. Here stands a sepulchre; the marble jaws of which seem closed forever—the mould of ages has incrustated and effaced the inscription and none can read their name and generation.—The fern and ivy, in mingled luxuriance, almost conceal it from the eye, and with their gold and scarlet flowers, mock the pride of man. Its silent inhabitants have mouldered into dust—children and grand chil-

dren are within "forgetful of the world, and by the world forgot."—O ye who wander in the gloomy precincts of this cemetery, consider for a moment as you view yon mouldering vault, is it not wiser to gain a name better than that of sons or daughters, "to lay up treasures in heaven, rather than treasures on earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt."

This pedestal, supporting the "storied urn," conceals what of once had honors, wealth, and fame.—"Here lies the rich, and great, and honorable—."

"———False marble, where?

Nothing but sordid dust lies here."

His wealth and honours could not arrest the hand of death. "The paths of glory lead but to the grave." How inexcusable then is that silly vanity of the living, to boast of what could not ensure the life of our friend, one day or hour.

But here reposes some poor pilgrim; "this heaving turf betrays his lowly cell." No marble tells birth or age, his home or parentage; yet the moonlight rests as sweetly bright upon this grass grown hillock, as on yon sculptured sepulchre.—Night's dewy tears embalm the sacred earth, the thistle sings mournfully in the evening breeze and repels the foot of him, who heedlessly steps upon the hallowed sod. Peace to thy ashes, humble pilgrim, a stranger bids thee rest in peace; as I hope and trust thou wert a pious christian, thy soul is in glory, and thy Redeemer

"Looks down and watches all thy dust,
Till he shall bid it rise."

The romantic beauty and solemn grandeur of the scene had induced me to linger among the mansions of the dead, and I had arrived at that hallowed spot where the sacred dust of my father reposed; and where my brothers and sisters slumbered side by side.—"Each in their narrow cell forever laid." That sister called away in the early bloom of youth. The rose on her cheek, and we knew not the worm was in the bud of beauty, until the pale primrose and dark violets of death usurped that rose at bloom. I was resting against the costly monument of paternal affection, erected to the memory of the lovely Lena. In her was conspicuous the fair promise of future excellence, of personal and mental grace; can we wonder then at the anguish of that doating mother, when the darling of her heart was removed by death—the disappointed hope of paternal love could be soothed only by that religion, which points to a heaven of everlasting rest, the portals of which were opened for penitent sinners by the wounded hands of an Almighty Redeemer. To the gate of heaven, the foot of the Saviour's cross, she had, by a pious education, led her beloved child; in the day of sickness, and in the hour of death, the charming Lena found that God her Saviour was more precious to her than all this world could give. His grace illumined the gloomy path of death—His Almighty arm guided her safe through the cold waves of Jordan. Salutory are the reflections arising from such a solemn scene—they are such as make the heart of man better, wean us from earth, and lead us to heaven.

When we say to corruption, thou art my mother, and to the worm, thou art my brother and my sister, is there no room in the mind for pride and vanity? O! no. In the grave we are alike, all a heap of dust. Some indeed are distinguished ever in the church-yard by softer

ombs—but beyond the grave are known but two classes, the righteous and the wicked. The loftiest monument and the humblest grave bear the same impress: "Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return." A cemetery is the spot where the voice of truth, echoing from the sepulchre must be heard. The silence of the grave is more eloquent than mortal tongue, as the storm and the whirlwind were less awful and impressive than the "still small voice."

"How lov'd and valued once avails thee not
To whom related or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be."

From the Boston Telegraph.

INTEMPERANCE.

If, with so quaint a title, we may hope for a moment's attention, we would earnestly inquire whether the philanthropists of this age and nation have given over, as incurable, the thousands and thousands of our countrymen, who are perishing under the ravages of this disease. Or, if all these must perish, is there no hope for future generations; no means by which *they* may be secured from the contagion of this vice? Quaint or not, this is a great question; and one which will be answered, if in no other way, by the blood of hundreds of thousands of our citizens. The physician tells us that intemperance undermines the constitution; the clergyman, that it destroys the soul; the moralist, that it corrupts the fountains of social life; the minister of justice, that it fills our poor houses and prisons. With all these testimonies sounding in our ears,—nay, with the very victims of its ravages before our eyes, what are we doing to stay its desolating progress.

It is estimated, from data which cannot essentially mislead, that *forty million gallons* of ardent spirits are consumed in this country annually; or about *four gallons to an inhabitant*. The average daily consumption, then, in the United States, is more than *one hundred thousand gallons*. What a comment is this upon the extent and aggravation of the evil!

Look next at the *enormous tax*, which is thus paid by our citizens, to appease the hankering of a diseased appetite. At fifty cents per gallon, the cost of 40,000,000 is *twenty millions of dollars*—equal to the ordinary expenditures of our national government for a year. As much, therefore, is paid by our citizens to support the most arbitrary and bloody tyranny, as to maintain a government of freedom.

But this is not all. There are other effects of intemperance, in comparison with which, the loss of property is scarcely worthy of consideration. Among these may be reckoned the loss of reputation, domestic wretchedness; the corruption of morals, the commission of heinous crimes, untimely death, and everlasting ruin. Can any greater or more terrible calamities befall a human soul? On this subject, our bills of mortality, our courts of justice, our prisons, and even our streets and wharves, speak a language too painful to be repeated.

If we search for the fountains, which have let loose this sweeping deluge upon our country, another crying sin obtrudes itself upon our notice. *Nearly all the imported liquors, and a considerable portion of the domestic, are prepared by the toil and sinews of SLAVES!* This is economi-

zing vice, with a witness. It is questionable whether the arch-deceiver himself could have suggested a more artful device, than to subject one portion of our race to the horrors of slavery, for the sake of converting another portion into beasts.

Now, turning the enemy's weapons upon himself, is it not possible to reverse the process, and make intemperance pay its way, by effecting the gradual abolition of slavery? We think it is possible: and that by the same process, intemperance itself may receive a considerable check.

It is well known, that, as liquors are now sold, a man may reduce himself, for six or eight cents, to the lowest depths of intoxication. Nor can it be doubted, that with many, the cheapness of the article is a reason for procuring it more frequently, and in greater quantities, than would otherwise be done. Particularly is this the case with a numerous class of youth and children; who, not choosing to reject an acquaintance offered on so easy terms, and which, at least, is likely to be the source of some festivity and merriment, are gradually inveigled with its charms, till finally they are overcome by its power, and enrolled on the list of confirmed drunkards. If men question the correctness of this principle, viz. that intemperance is more prevalent in consequence of the facility with which the elements of intoxication may be obtained, let them suppose that intoxicating liquors flowed in rivers, like water, and were free to all. Is it not to be feared that, in such a case, a very great portion of our race would become amphibious?

To strike at the root of the evil, therefore, or at least to lop off some of its branches, let *an additional duty of fifty or more per cent be imposed on all intoxicating liquors, whether foreign or domestic.* In that case, the *drunken tax* might be a little increased, or it might not. Supposing it to remain the same as now, viz. twenty million dollars a year, the consumption of ardent spirits in our country would be diminished *one third*; and a new revenue raised, to the amount of six and a half million dollars. On this supposition, intemperance is diminished, while the drunken tax remains the same. If, however, it is insisted, that the consumption of spirits would *not* be diminished by this expedient,—then, instead of six and a half million dollars, our additional revenue would amount to ten millions. The truth doubtless lies between the two extremes. By imposing such a duty, a less quantity of spirits would be consumed than now, but the amount of expense might be somewhat increased.

Now it appears to us but just, that men, who voluntarily bring so much mischief upon society should do something, if possible, to atone for it. The thief is fined or imprisoned, the murderer forfeits his life; and shall he, who is taken in the very act of *suicide*, and who, by his example, is exhorting others to do the same, shall he be furnished gratis with the weapons of his own destruction?—Besides, if men are determined to spend to the last cent, for the means of brutalizing themselves, the sooner they reach their mark, the better. Their poverty is less injurious to society than their property. We have said, that, by such a measure, there would be raised a new revenue of at least six and a half million dollars annually. Now, *let this revenue be appropriated to the colonization of slaves, and intemperance will either be compelled to hide its head, or to work the extinction of slavery.* In either case, the triumph of virtue would be glorious.

JUVENILE EXPOSITOR.—XXXV.

A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid.—Matt. 5. 14.

In taking a distant, but clear view of a town, which is built on an eminence, this text of scripture was very naturally and forcibly brought to mind.

The Saviour generally made his allusions to things which were familiar to the people whom he was addressing. While travellers are passing through the country of Palestine, they are suddenly and often agreeably surprised by a view of a village, or city, on a distant hill. "Mr. Maurelle tells us that there is a city called *Saphet*, thought to be the ancient city of *Bethulia*, which standing on a high hill, might easily be seen from the mountain on which Christ made this discourse; and he very probably, supposes, that Christ might point to that here, as he afterwards did to the birds and to the lilies." It is not improbable that Jerusalem itself might be alluded to, for it was beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is mount Zion, on the sides of the north the city of the great king." A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid. The simile is so natural and easy that it cannot be mistaken. The disciples of Christ, whether considered as public teachers, or as private christians, are placed in so conspicuous a situation before the surrounding world, that neither their faults nor their virtues can be hid. Holy persons are pre-eminently distinguished. Although they have no ostentatious design to make a show of their piety, yet so different are their tempers, words and actions from the generality of men, that they will as certainly be noticed, as the city that is set on a hill. While they are not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, they give evidence that it is the power of God to their salvation. There is a mild and heavenly lustre, which attracts the attention and approbation of the pious; and such a majesty in the power of truth, that it strikes even the careless beholder with a kind of awe and respectful regard for its excellence, as exemplified in the life of a real christian. Remarks nearly similar to these were made by a sea captain, who was recently exhorting his christian brethren to let their lights so shine, that others might take knowledge of them that they had really learned of Jesus Christ. "I have been about the world, have seen many things, and been in various situations and in different companies. But nothing which I have seen

or heard, ever struck my mind with that force and power as did a word from a merchant in the city of R——. Having attended in his counting room to do business with him, he very socially inquired 'what parts of the world I had visited, and whether I had any difficulty in finding my way from place to place, and how I proceeded,' &c. I readily informed him how I took my departure, and took my solar and lunar observations—kept the run of my vessel, &c. &c. and finally, that I had no difficulty in finding any place to which I was bound. He then asked me 'If ever I had set out to find the way to heaven?' At this I was struck as one dumb—and the conviction forced its way on my mind, that with all my knowledge of navigation, and business, and getting money, I was a poor sinner, and ignorant of the way to heaven. This gentleman in his counting-room, said he was a city set on a hill. He let his light shine. I took my first observation from him. I was affected into tears.—Now I long to see that man, that I may tell him that I have set out to find the way to heaven, and believe I am sailing therein, and hope so to spread the sails, as to take the breezes of divine influence, and find my way to the port of glory, and enter the city of the New-Jerusalem, with all the sanctified of the Lord.

R. I. Rel. Int.

FOR THE INFORMER.

Copy of a letter to the editor, from Elder Allen Mead, dated Springfield, Ohio, Feb. 15th, 1824.

BROTHER IN CHRIST,

I take my pen to inform you of our welfare in this western region.

About two years ago, God begun his work on the plains of Derby. Brother Gillmore, who was much blest in Christ, gathered a considerable body of members in this place, and the work was glorious to beholders. I united myself with this people, who called themselves Freewill Baptists; not being sensible of the numerous cloud of witnesses, which we had on our side. Since that time, we have formed one church in Big Derby, and one in Harmony; together with numbers, who have united in other places. We have four ordained preachers in this region, the names of whom are as follows: Russel Gillmore, David Ellis, Otis Gillmore, and myself. Yours in gospel bonds, ALLEN MEAD.

EXTRACTS OF LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Elder John Norton, Jr. of Richmond, N. Y. writes that a good work of reformation has commenced in Bristol, and that between 20 and 30 have united with the churches of late. The church in Groveland remains stedfast, and the prospect of additions is great.

A letter is received from Br. Samuel Bradford, dated at Athens, Pa. Feb. 4th, from which we learn, that a good revival has taken place in Smithfield, Pa. in Manchester, N. Y. and in Columbia; also in several other towns in that part of the country. In the state of Pennsylvania, there is a great want of gospel laborers. Those, who feel their duty to travel and preach, are earnestly requested to visit that state.

Two letters have been received from Elder Charles Bowles of Huntington, Vt. one dated Jan. 30th, the other Feb. 26th. In the first he mentions a quarterly meeting, which was holden in Huntington, the 19 and 20 of January, in which they enjoyed an uncommon display of the divine presence. The number of people, who attended, was much larger than had ever attended on a like occasion before. Several were struck under conviction at the meeting, 6 or 7 of whom have since found comfort in the Lord. An extra q. m. is appointed at Benson, Vt. on the first Saturday and Sabbath in June next, at which place, the preachers and brethren are earnestly requested to attend. The regular q. m. is appointed to be holden on Saturday and Sabbath following the 2d Wednesday in June, at Duxbury, Vt. Elders' Conference Friday before.

In his second letter, he mentions a glorious reformation in Enosburg, and towns adjoining, wherein about 145 have professed to be brought from darkness to light. He also mentions several instances of the remarkable power of God in the conviction and conversion of souls, which proves that the work is of grace.

Brother Ephraim Roberts mentions a remarkable instance of the conversion of a man at Rocky River, Ohio, aged 107 years.

Were men sensible of the happiness that results from true religion, the voluptuous man would there seek his pleasure, the covetous man his gain, and the ambitious man his glory.

THE R. I. Q. R. MEETING

Was holden at Smithfield on the 10th and 11th of January last. Written epistles were received from six churches. Nothing especial was communicated; the prospect, however, is generally favorable. Owing to the unpleasant state of the weather, the assemblage was not large, but the spiritual presence of the Redeemer made it pleasant.

The next quarterly meeting will be at the Baptist Meeting house in Taunton, Mass. on the 8th and 9th of May next. The Elders' Conference the preceeding day.

JOB ARMSTRONG, *Clerk.*

Gloucester, March 16, 1824.

Of the Knowledge of Christ Crucified.

Christ crucified is the library which triumphant souls will be studying to all eternity. This is that which cures the soul of all its maladies and distempers. Other knowledge makes men's minds giddy and flatulent; this settles and composes them. Other knowledge is apt to swell men into high conceits and opinions of themselves; that leads to humility and sobriety. Other knowledge leaves men's hearts as it found them; this alters them better. So transcendent an excellency is there in the knowledge of Christ crucified, above the sublimest speculation in the world.—*Stilling fleet.*

RELIGION

Has planted itself, in all the purity of its image and sufficiency of its strength, at the threshold of human misery; and is empowered to recal the wanderers from their pilgrimage of wo, and direct them in the path of heaven. It has diffused a sacred joy in the abodes of poverty and wretchedness; it has illuminated the dungeon of the captive; it has effaced the wrinkles from the brow of care—shed a gleam of sacred and tranquil joy in the chamber of death, gladdened the countenance of the dying with a triumphant enthusiasm, and diffused throughout the earth, a faint foretaste of the blessings of futurity. It is as benign as the light of heaven, and comprehensive as its span. An iris in the sky of the christian, it quickens perseverance with the promises of reward—reanimates the drooping spirit—invigorates the decripitude of age—and directs with a prophetic ken, to the regions of eternal felicity. Like the sun, it guilds every object with its rays, without being diminished in its lustre, or shorn of its power.

A CAUTION.

Whereas, a tall, well made person, of genteel mien, smooth tongue, and fine address, who can converse freely about any thing or every thing of the world, its religion, sciences, politics, &c. and generally keeps the most polite company; has very frequently also insinuated himself into the company and converse of christians, and appears so

very engaging that many professors are quite captivated with his presence; and yet he never leaves them, but he is sure to rob them; and though they find that, after he has withdrawn himself from them they have suffered loss, yet so bewitched are many, as to admit him again and again into their company;—now, in order that he may be known and guarded against, you will observe, that his complexion and conversation are such as are very pleasing to the flesh only; but contrary to the spirit of a christian. And his name, which he is very loth to own, and is very desirous to conceal, is VAIN CONVERSATION.—Look to yourselves. 2 John, 8.

CERTIFICATE.

To all whom it may concern, This certifieth, that Br. David Marks, Jr. has labored with us several months during the past season, and as reports, unfavorable to his character, said to have originated here, have been circulated and believed by many, we esteem it our duty to assert, that his conduct with us has been such, as became a servant of Christ, and preacher of the gospel. Done for, and in behalf of the church of Free Baptists in Groveland and Geneseeo, Feb. 8th, 1824.

WM. R. KING, Church Clerk.

ORDAINED.—At Enosburg, Vt. Oct. 25, 1823, Br. Parley Hall to the work of the ministry.

MEEKNESS AND PASSION.

(Continued from Page 30.)

A week passed without any visit from Glanville at Stockton hall. At length a note was received, apologizing for his not having yet made the inquiry, but promising to do it in a few days. In fact he did not commence the task, for a task it was indeed to him; but he found no disposition in his father's tenants to answer his questions. "Here," said Jenny Tomkins, "is our proud young squire appearing as insolent as ever! what does he want? Get out of the way children, or you'll be sure to have a cut of his whip." Well Jen," said he as he entered the door, "I'm come on a curious errand: are you methodist enough to have a Bible in the house?" Yes, Mr. Walter, I have, and a pretty thing it is; hardly a sound leaf from beginning to end." "Ho! very well.—Come here Jack; (addressing himself to a child of three years old,) if you'll swear at your mother I'll give you sixpence. Come, now, say ——." Reader! I suppress the sentence. The infant endeavoured to lisp the oath. "There's a fine fellow, give me your hand; you'll swear bye and bye as well as the best of us."

"That's a pretty youth!" said Jenny Tomkins; "a fine fellow to inherit the estate; and to inquire if I had a Bible—a Bible indeed! I should as soon expect a visit from old satan to ask if I had a Bible!"

This will serve as a specimen, and the reader will not be surprised to hear, that the return sent to Lord Stockton was in all respects incomplete and unsatisfactory.

May I not be permitted to suggest here, how necessary it is that persons of character and consistency should be selected to ascertain the want of Bibles, or indeed to take any active part in the distribution of

that Holy Book. The idea of the Sabbath-breaker, a drunkard, a person of loose character being engaged in a Bible Society, is at once preposterous and revolting.

When Glanville sent his return to Lord Stockton, he stated in his note, that he found the tenants well furnished with the Bible, except in a very few instances.

At his next visit to Stockton, the noble owner of the mansion requested his presence in his library, and politely thanked him for his attention to his request. "And now, my young friend, allow me to ask you, what *you* think of the Bible? Have *you* one, and are you in the practice of reading it?"

These were questions to which Glanville was altogether a stranger; his embarrassment was complete, and did not escape his Lordship's notice. "You are not, I presume, a Bible reader, and, consequently, are not furnished with those principles which dignify the human character. The maxims of the world are in a great degree, false, and of course totally opposite to the doctrine of the blessed Saviour. You are at present ignorant of the world, and notwithstanding the years you have passed at college, you know but little of human life. Take this sacred book, (*holding out a neat pocket Bible*,) read it with care, and pray that the Holy Spirit may enlighten your mind to understand its sacred contents; there you will learn your awful state as a fallen son of Adam, and the necessity of repentance towards God, and of faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, the appointed Saviour, who came into the world to live and die for guilty sinners. This is indeed a subject seldom entered upon by men of rank and of learning; so true are the words of the Apostle, 'Not *many wise* men after the flesh, not many *mighty*, not many *noble* are called. Happy is it that there are *some* who do not think religion beneath them. Our late excellent monarch set an admirable example to his subjects, not only in his strict attention to the important services of the sanctuary in public, but in his attachment to the Book of God in his private retirement. But I will not detain you upon this topic any longer; remember that time is flying, and bearing on its wings days, and months, and years! Soon, very soon, we shall appear at the bar of God! then dear, Glanville, then what will be our state! — Farewell. Let these thoughts sink deep into your mind."

Glanville bowed and retired, and soon left the house. In his way home he perceived a waggon coming towards him, and as he advanced, he called to the driver to stop immediately; swearing at the same time, that if the man did not obey his orders, he would horsewhip him severely. The man advanced with his waggon, which was heavily laden with corn, leaving sufficient room for Glanville to pass. The high spirit of the latter, regardless of the consequences, excited him to chastise the waggoner for his presumption in not obeying his orders, and the whip was applied in the most wanton manner to the back and shoulders of the harmless driver of the team, who conducted himself with the utmost patience and coolness, while he endeavored to defend himself from the furious and unprovoked attack of the young Squire. "There," said Glanville, when his fury had spent itself, "remember, in future to obey your superiors." "Yes, yes, young gentleman," said the waggoner, "I will remember it, and so will you unless I am much mistaken." Glanville galloped off and soon reached his father's house,

and exhibited to his father

which he had received from Lord Stockton. On a blank leaf his Lordship had written these lines:

THIS VOLUME,
more valuable than mines of gold,
as leading the reader to
JESUS,
the Saviour of lost sinners,
the comforter of the miserable,
the Guide of the wanderer,
the constant and unerring monitor of the
young,
the solace of the aged,
the hope of the dying,
is presented to
WALTER GLANVILLE, Esq.
By his affectionate friend,
STOCKTON.

"Very pretty indeed said the Baronet, "I hope, Walter, you will prove yourself worthy of the friendship of so good a man as his Lordship. I wish I were half so good as he is! God help me! The time I hope will yet come, when I shall be better than I am now." How many persons entertain the same delusive idea! Alas! they do not mean to *seek* the kingdom of God, nor to *run* the race set before them. Could heaven be obtained by vain wishes and outward professions, it would be theirs; but the world has their *hearts*, and God will not accept those whose hearts are not devoted to him. The man approved at the great day of dread decision and despair," is such a man as Joshua, who, regardless of the conduct of others, resolves to serve the Lord. He fears not the world's frown, nor can he be seduced by its fascinating smile. He dares to be *singular*; not precise, nor pedantic, nor ostentatious! but firm in his attachment to God, and in his opposition to sinful maxims and pursuits. This is the man whom the King of heaven will honor in this world, and crown with everlasting glory in the world to come, where all is happiness, and joy, and peace.

"As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

"No truth is more evident, than that patience and perseverance will accomplish what once appeared impossible to be achieved. And it is to be regretted, that this sentiment is not more earnestly pressed upon the youthful mind. How often has a child at school sat for hours over a task without even attempting to perform it, from the idea that he *could not* do it. Good tempered persons are universally esteemed, and esteemed they ought to be. They are the flowers that charm the eye and gratify the sense, and are directly opposite to the thorn and the briar. 'I wish I had the temper of such a person,' is a very common remark, and often made by those who wish to have that which they are determined they will not give themselves any pains to acquire, if it

cannot be acquired without pains. Such were the observations of Mrs. Beaufort to her daughter, as they sat one morning together at the work-table—"Now my dear girl," continued she, "tell me whether you think you have made any progress in this important study?" Eliza looked pensive. After a pause of a few moments, she replied "Indeed, my dearest Mamma, I have not been inattentive to your advice, nor in different to what I have read in that excellent work you lent me on the Government of the Temper: but I have had many a severe struggle between passion and duty, and at times I thought passion would prevail, but, by the assistance of the Almighty I gained the victory."

"One victory thus gained," said Mrs. Beaufort, "is a great victory. But tell me, dear Eliza! have you prayed for divine help; have you laid this case before God, for even strength, to oppose the sallies of temper, is included in the gracious declaration and promise of Christ, '*whatsoever* ye shall ask the father in my name, He will give it you! This renders the issue certain, and I am convinced, that THE WORST TEMPER MAY BE ALTERED BY WATCHFULNESS AND PRAYER."

"I am persuaded of it, Mamma, and have frequently prayed that God, of his infinite mercy, would give me much of the meekness and gentleness of Christ—Do you think I am at all improved?"

"Yes my dear, there is certainly a great difference, and your conduct has been observed by us with much satisfaction, and I trust, thankfulness to Almighty God, from whom cometh every good and every perfect gift. Let me repeat my advice, REMEMBER JESUS CHRIST. He *lived* for us, *died* for us, and left an *example* to us that we should tread in his steps."

Scarcely had Mrs. Beaufort finished the last sentence, when a violent noise was heard in the kitchen, and a loud shriek instantly followed. "Fly Eliza," said her Mother, and inquire, very mildly, what has happened."

The circumstances were these: while the footman was busily engaged with his work, the cook desired he would go into the garden for herbs, "At any other time Nanny," said he, "I am your humble servant, but I cannot go now, besides I believe *that* is a part of *your* work, and not mine." "Thank you, Mr. Coxcomb," said Nanny, "I knew your civility before to-day, You think yourself a fine fellow with your master's clothes on."

"So, so, Mrs. Turnspit," smartly rejoined William, "I wonder who made you such a fine lady—To be sure you are rather different in point of appearance to what you were when you first came into this family—not very cook-like *then*." (*sarcastically*.)

"Greivous words," on both sides, continued to "stir up anger; the heat was soon far above *temperate*, and at length reached the *boiling-point*. Then passion prevailed. The rolling-pin, which Nanny held in her hand, she threw violently at William; it struck his head, and he fell, the blood flowed profusely, and Nanny, fearful that she had actually killed him, screamed in the greatest distress, and at the moment her young Mistress entered, she exclaimed, "O! Miss Eliza, what shall I do? I have struck poor William, and there he lies bleeding. What shall I do?"

"Do?" said Eliza, "let Esther run to the village instantly, and desire Dr. Arthur to come and examine the wound, and I will inform Mamma in the meantime."

Mrs. Beaufort was soon at the spot, and having given something to

William to revive him, and had his head bathed, and carefully bound up, he was carried to his room, with strict orders that he might be kept quiet. The surgeon, who did not come home till the evening, having examined the wound, assured Mrs. Beaufort that there was no ground for alarm; William was down stairs the next morning, and at his work as usual.

"William!" said Nanny, "I hope you will forgive me, I am sure I did not mean to hurt you, but it was my *dreadful passionate temper*, that like a storm raged in me, indeed, William, I am very sorry. I hope God will forgive me and you too."

"Yes! Nanny," replied William, "I forgive you with all my heart: I did not think you were so passionate, or I would not have said a word to provoke you."

"I am passionate; William, very passionate; but, thank God it is soon over."

"Why, that may be, Nanny; but although it was soon over with your passion, yet it might have been soon over with my life; the fire that is kindled by passion is not easily put out."

"Very true, William, I did not think of that indeed. One moment might do what many years could not undo."

Nanny was summoned the next morning into Mrs. Beaufort's room, and after hearing all the circumstances, her Mistress addressed her thus: "I am very grieved, Nanny, at what I have heard, and although I do not think William entirely blameless, yet you have certainly acted very improperly, in allowing yourself to be so much overcome by your temper, as to endanger his life. I have long determined to oppose immoderate passions, whenever and wherever I discover them. Were it not that your deportment is in other respects becoming, I would certainly dismiss you at once from my service, I would not, however, even appear rigid, and therefore, for this time I will pass it over; but should there be a repetition of the same offence, or indeed any improper tempers exhibited, you will leave my service forthwith."

"Thank you, Madam," said Nanny, wiping her eyes, "I have justly incurred your displeasure, nor would I attempt any thing like a vindication of my abominable conduct. I hope this will be a warning to me to guard against my bad temper."

Such were the events that occurred in this family, in consequence of ungoverned passion, and such events occur frequently in houses where God is not revered; horses, dogs, cattle, husbands, wives, parents, children, yea the whole creation groaneth, on account of the fury of the mind. All attempts to promote religion and piety are useless where passions prevail, for

The spirit like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noise and strife.

Young Beaufort continued to increase in favor with God and man. Every where he displayed the excellency of Christian principles, by his gentleness, his mildness, and forbearance. The happiness of others was what he desired to promote, and he rightly considered that this was to be accomplished not only by administering to their pleasures, but by avoiding to give them pain. At home he abstained from giving

unnecessary trouble to the servants, and studied to meet the wishes of his parents. He formed the determination to see peace always, and by all means, and to pursue it with industry and perseverance. Whoever was late in the house of God and took off the attention of the "stupid starers" from the awful service, it was not young Beaufort. He was in his seat before the minister began the worship of God. His habit of early rising, his punctuality to his engagements, his unaffected gravity, his kindness to his sister, his attention to the poor, all tended to represent him as a character entitled to esteem.

The reader will perhaps think, that such a character is a mere fancy piece, and that the drawing is not from nature. But although such a character may be rare, it is nevertheless what the writer and the reader ought to be, and what the Sacred Scripture requires us to be. And although the standard of piety and morality are often presented too low, both in public discourses and in public life, even as it respects Christians, yet an attention to the Word of God, the only exact delineation of character, will discover, that *the piety and morality of a bible christian, are far more exalted than what are displayed by christians in general.*

Since the affair of the challenge, Glanville and Beaufort had never met. The former, although convinced of his folly, had too much pride to acknowledge it, and he feared that the whole circumstance had been related to Lord Stockton. This had not been the case, but his conscience surmized it, and the very surmise made him wretched. At one time he determined to give publicity to the affair, but he relinquished as soon as the idea was formed. How sad is it to go astray, and how difficult it is to regain the right path! Frequently had Lord Stockton inquired for Beaufort, but to every inquiry Glanville returned an evasive answer. In this state affairs continued; when a circumstance occurred that brought them to a crisis.

(To be continued.)

The members of the *New Hampshire Charitable Society* are hereby notified, that their annual meeting for the choice of officers, &c. will be holden at the south meeting house in Weare, N. H. on Friday the 11th of June next, at 1 o'clock P. M.

ENOCH PLACE, Secretary.

BROTHER CHASE,—If, upon strict examination, you deem the following hasty and feeble production, worthy a place in your very useful publication; you will oblige by inserting it; otherwise let it sink into oblivion.

"Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth."—Isa. xlv. 22.

1 How free the invitation is,
The Lord our God doth give,
To every one of Adam's race,
To look to him and live.
2 And no exception, here we see,
Is made of any one;
Salvation here is offer'd free
To all, who freely come.
3 Each member of the human race
May all acceptance find; grace,
May have a share in God's free
And taste his love divine.

4 Behold how great how vast his
To vile, apostate men; [love!
In pity stooping from above,
And calling unto them,
5 To turn to him, and all receive
Remission of their sin;
To look and live, repent, believe,
And put their trust in him.
6 "Look unto me, remotest ends
Of earth, to me draw near;
Look unto me, ye heathen lands,
And all ye isles, give ear,

7 In time of need, and you shall
find
Sufficient grace to aid;
Sweet joy and peace shall fill your
mind,
And you be holy made."

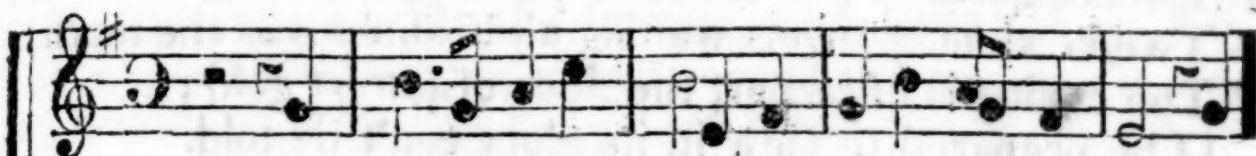
8 What kindness here is manifest!
How boundless, how immense!
The great Jehovah offers rest
To all true penitents.

9 Ah! yes, and blessed be his
name,
His language unto men,
And invitation is the same,
At present, as 'twas then.

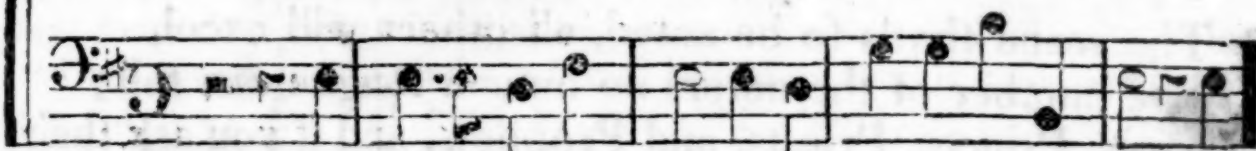
10 Then, sinners, now attention
give,
Though wicked and deprav'd;
Look unto God; repent, and live,
So that you may be saved.

THE EXHIBITION.

Composed by a Lady, on refusing an invitation to an Exhibition.



Attend my friends and neighbors, a moment to my call, I



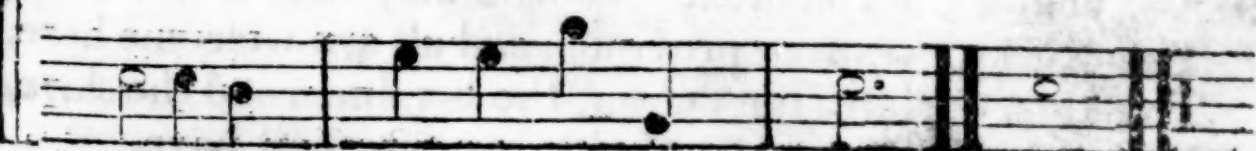
have an invitation, I give it unto all; A



splendid Exhibition is shortly to begin, I'll give you a de-



scription, And urge you to come in.



- 2 Almost six thousand seasons, with unexampled cost,
This feast has been preparing, there has no time been lost;
'Twill shortly now be ready, O then do not delay,
Be sure to gain admittance, and O apply to-day.
- 3 A theatre capacious, twelve thousand furlongs square,
Stands on its twelve foundations, of precious jewels rare;
Its colors bright and sparkling, of variagated hue,
Pour forth a flood of splendor, to the astonished view.
- 4 Twelve gates of pearls unbroken, its spacious sides adorn,
Twelve shining angels waiting all beauteous as the morn;
The ceiling is of jasper, the floor of purest gold;
O be prepared to view it, its glory can't be told.
- 5 The scene that's to be acted, all others will excel,
The number of the actors no human tongue can tell;
Kings, Princes, Priests, and Prophets, and if you ask their
dress,
'Tis white as snow in Salmon,* the robe of righteousness.
- 6 The music is most charming, the song forever new,
The guests have long been learning to sound the notes
most true;
The whole will be directed by nature's great I AM,
It is a sacred drama, the marriage of the lamb.
- 7 They need no light of candles, nor yet the silver moon,
The Sun will be confounded, when at the brightest noon;
The glory of the bridegroom shall far outvie his rays,
Throughout the spacious building in one unclouded blaze.
- 8 No indolent spectators within these walls appear,
For those, who gain admittance, will all be actors here;
The happy guests united will form the glorious bride,
No length of time divides them, and pleasures ne'er sub-
side.
- 9 Ask you of the condition, and who may take a share?
The King makes free provision, and all are welcome here;
The king, the lord, the debtor, the bondman and the slave,
Do but apply in season, admittance you shall have.

*Psalms 48. 14.